

SUNDAY READING.

Be Faithful—The Climax—Thoughts.

At Sunset.
O beautiful clouds, in the sunset sky,
With your graceful pennons floating high,
I have sat to-night at my window-sill
While my thoughts have changed at their will.
With your mystic forms and colors gay,
Till now, like you, they are clothed in gray.

When I gazed at you, scarce an hour ago,
You lay like mountains of drifted snow;
So soft and fair, with your shining crest,
That I longed to sink in your depths and rest
Like the sun that bathed in your billows of light.
Sere he bade the world and you good night.

But since you have changed your bridal
To a robe of gold in the mellow light,
And glowed as red as the flush of bliss
On the cheek of the rose at the sun's first
kiss,
And worn, in your pride, the purple gown
Of majesty on your royal throne

With your snow for my early years of truth,
And your glow for the glittering hopes of youth,
With your red for the love and your purple
for the love,
Fit emblems you seem of my wasted life,
For your changeful hues, like my happy
past,
Have faded away into darkness at last.

But the tints the night stole, one by one,
Shall gleam again in the morning sun,
And bring sweet comfort in the thought
That thus my own weal may be wrought
By one who weaves the rainbow's thread
And glides our lives with his perfect love.
—[MARY LOUISE HAYES.]

Be Faithful and Have Faith.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, with skill that should be more appropriately called inspiration, has presented in this chapter a picture gallery of heroes that the world would find it very difficult to duplicate. A study of these portraits ought to be full of encouragement to the modern day. The heroism of these men and women was not the heroism of leisure hours, nor was it evolved from happy and congenial circumstances. This heroism was cradled in storm and nurtured by the whirlwind. Nor were these men and women of like persons, of like gifts, and powers, outstriking more than of common men. Had this been so, heroism might have been as natural to them as breathing their native air, and their example therefore would have had no force for us. But they were men and women of like persons, of like gifts, and powers, outstriking more than of common men. Had this been so, heroism might have been as natural to them as breathing their native air, and their example therefore would have had no force for us. But they were men and women of like persons, of like gifts, and powers, outstriking more than of common men. Had this been so, heroism might have been as natural to them as breathing their native air, and their example therefore would have had no force for us.

It is to be observed that, literally rendered, "Truly my soul waiteth upon God," means "My soul is silent upon God." That forcible form of expression describes the completeness of the psalmist's surrender to God's will. His faith was not a mere intellectual assent, but a whole-hearted surrender, broken by no clamorous passions; by no loud-voiced desires; by no remonstrating reluctance. There is a similar phrase in another psalm (109, iv), which may help to illustrate this: "For my love they have despised me, but I am patient." His soul is in one supplication. The enemies' wrath awakens no flash of passion on his cheek or ripple of vengeance in his heart. He meets it all with prayer. Wrapped in devotion and heedless of their range, he is like Stephen when he lay down among his stoning murderers and cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

Oh, what is life?
A toil, a strife,
Were it not lighted by thy love divine,
I ask not wealth,
Nor gold, nor silver, nor the things of earth,
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!

Oh, what is death,
A constant pain,
In parting can the soul to thee resign?
While patient love
Thy trust doth prove,
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!

Throughout my days,
Thy constant presence
Uplift to thee from out this heart of mine;
So shall I bring
Thy praise nearer thee,
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!

Science has taught men how to build ships with water-tight compartments, so that if disaster crushes in on one side, the other parts may save from sinking. There are fortunate people who are built on the same safe principle. They have wealth or the ability to win wealth, strong families, and genuine friends. They have cultivated minds, and varied resources in artistic and scientific pursuits. Above all else, they have faith in God and a better life to come; such possessions are like the compartments of a modern ship. Few disasters can destroy them all, and in the loss of one or more the soul is kept afloat by the others.

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A Superfluous Mystery.

By CLARA DIXON DAVIDSON.

It is my belief that my father was always kind and generous, and treated the poor with respect of his family and neighbors, but, owing to the fact that he labored from morning till night six days of the week, and slept the greater part of the seventh, my early acquaintance with him was necessarily limited.

The memory of my first flouting at school is not more vivid to me than the recollection of my first and last day of apprenticeship to my father's trade. He was a well-digger, and I was taken along to haul up dirt. I disgraced myself by allowing the windlass to slip from my grasp when I had a bucket of clay nearly to the top of the well. Father narrowly escaped being struck by the swiftly descending bucket, and I had a numbing blow on the head from the windlass handle.

That night, when I was supposed to be asleep, I heard him in low tones say to a neighbor: "Did the child make you right smart of a help the day?" to which my father replied: "I ain't all no good to work—ain't sense enough to keep a hold w'en 'e's got a hold, so I s'pose 'e'll educate 'im. Larnin's poor stuff, poor stuff enough, but I 'low it's a help to them 'tain't got sense."

I cried myself to sleep, partly for joy that I was to have what I desired, and partly for grief that my great good fortune came through the great ill fortune of lacking "sense."

I had been earning a hundred dollars a month for two years, as a stenographer, when my employers gave me two weeks' vacation. Instead of visiting my parents in their western home, as had been my habit during school vacations, I decided, after a few days of fashionable life at Newport.

Then I met Ellen Irving, peerlessly beautiful Ellen, with a smile that warmed and brightened like dawning sunlight, and hands so fair that my heart sank at sight of them, for I said, "No poor man's daughter ever had such hands."

Following my first meeting with her, I studied my reflection in a mirror for a full half-hour. I tried the effect of full-front, three-quarters-face, and back views, and finally twisted my eyes out of their sockets in an endeavor to get a glimpse of my profile. I tried to be free from vanity for the occasion, and to pass impartial judgment upon myself in the matter of looks, for I wanted to weigh my chances fairly in my own mind, and consider whether there was even the possibility of winning the heart of a wealthy, beautiful and accomplished woman.

I derived some comfort from this consultation with my mirror. At least I was not repulsive in appearance, and my eyes lit by love, might be useful allies; further than this a modest man might not fit in self-praise.

"Good looks," I said, "are not a bad thing to count for much in these matters. A wealthy man will wed either riches or rank, wherever her heart goes. A man with no money and no social position has little to hope for."

One hour of Ellen's society gained the next day by a happy accident, sent me home with my head in the clouds (and my feet too, for all that I remember about them), saying over and over to myself:

"There are no classes in our land, thank God! A man's worth here is not gauged by the number of pennies in his pocket!"

During the remainder of my stay I saw Ellen every day, and felt much encouraged by her manner toward me. When I was compelled to return to my work I sought an interview with her, and having learned that she lived in a quiet house, I obtained permission to call soon after her arrival at home.

She brushed deeply, and tears sprang to her eyes, as she tremulously replied: "I cannot receive you. Pray do not be angry with me, but it is impossible."

I could not reply, my tongue grew dry, my lips stiffened, and the room seemed whirling round me. I stood to a moment gazing with despairing eyes at her beautiful face and trembling form, and then, as she grew pale and seemed as deeply moved as I, and then I turned and left her without a word. I did not mean to be harsh or to seem angry or resentful, but I could not speak. A spell of silence seemed laid upon me.

"Fool, fool that I was to hope!" was the cry of my heart that night as I traveled westward. "I was wrong when I said we have no classes in America; I was right when I said love counts for nothing. I believe she loves me, but if she marries it will be a man in her own station. I was too weak to tell her of my humble origin and position, but she had doubtless discovered the truth in some way."

Partly because I desired to gain wealth, and partly in the hope of filling my mind so full of business that there would be no room left for love, I began a series of small speculations, which were gradually extended to more ambitious operations, until I found myself growing rich. Between being very busy and very miserable, I neglected to visit my parents, though I frequently sent them money and gifts.

Everybody knows how completely lost to each other, people living in the same city may be, and five years passed after my separation from Ellen at Newport, before I met her again.

One day I was passing a handsome residence on Dearborn Avenue, when chancing to glance toward the house, I saw a woman, with a broom in her hand, and a sweeping-cap on her head, industriously brushing dead leaves from the gravel walk. I gave a great start when I saw the woman, and I knew her a remarkable resemblance to Ellen, but I reasoned that my dainty love would not be doing menial work, and that, although this woman was wonderfully like her, I must not suppose I had really found her. So I passed on, though the incident was in my mind all day, and was responsible for a careless business transaction, by which I lost quite a sum of money.

Try as I would to banish the thought of the neat servant, who looked like Ellen, I could not, and the next morning early I found me sauntering slowly past the house, where I had seen her, too early, for the shutters were all closed, and sleepy silence pervaded the place. Two hours later I passed again, and then an instinct told me that I might find a daughter of the house undertake some domestic duties. I hastened up the steps, rang the bell, and inquired if a family named "Irving" lived there. No; the name was Lewis. Another thought: perhaps Ellen was married, and performing wifely instead of daughterly services. So I asked for Mrs. Lewis, not without a wildly palpitating heart, and an earnest hope that Mrs. Lewis would prove to be my Ellen, for the appearance of a husband was not pleasant to think of.

Mrs. Lewis proved to be an elderly lady in black silk and gray bangs, who said with great positiveness, that no person named Irving lived in her house.

The incident proved the old misery, and made it more unbearable than ever before. I left my business in the hands of a trusted manager, and went to California. But one cannot run away from sorrow; I was as restless and unhappy in San Francisco as I was in Chicago, and three weeks from the day I left me hurrying back. On leaving the Union depot at Chicago, I was about to call a cab, when I felt a pair of eyes looking fixedly at me, keeping pace with me as I walked, and a woman's dress was moving as fast as I moved on the opposite side of the wide walk. Turning to look at the wearer of the dress, I stood at last face to face with Ellen Irving. They both stopped, and stood as if transfixed, staring in each other's faces.

Was first to move. I made my way through the crowd of passengers, who, of course, took not the slightest notice of either of us, and gaining her side, said:

"Ellen! Miss Irving!"

"It is really you, then," she said, choking

back a little hysterical sob. "I feared I should never see you again."

"And yet I have only been out of Chicago three weeks in five years."

"And I have not been away at all since I returned from Newport."

"But you might have seen me if you had cared to you know," I said, remembering the words I had said to her when she was married now. "I added, trying to speak lightly."

"No, I am not married, and never shall be," she replied soberly.

There were many passers, but each one was intent upon his own business or pleasure, and no one heeded us. The noise of the Adams and Canal streets, made a continuous roar, but even then, and in the hurry and confusion, I put my lips near her ear, and said:

"I wish I could induce you to reverse that decision."

"What do you mean?" she questioned, with a surprised uprising of the eyes, and the slow smile that had captivated me at our first meeting, flared on her face.

"I mean that by becoming my wife you could make me the happiest man in Cook county."

"Consider the risk; you know nothing about me."

"Except that I have thought of you day and night for five years, and been miserable without you. If I am mistaken in you, and I am not, I might as well be wretched with you as without you."

"Agreed like a lawyer, but—I could not make you happy."

"And why? Do you not love me?"

"She lifted her eyes to mine, and said: 'Do you not know? Have I not often told you?'"

"Never in words."

"Then you shall hear it; listen: I love you—Oh, heaven, how I love you! This is no time to tell you that if I marry you, will you promise never to pry into my past, never to question me concerning it?"

"I will promise anything."

"You are certainly very rash. May you never regret this meeting and these words."

"And now—shall I escort you home? Shall I call on you?"

"My home! That shall be like all the rest; a sealed book to you. If you wish it, I will go with you now to the clerk's office, and afterwards to a magistrate or a minister. If we are to begin in mystery, one day is as good as another. The marriage must be legal, though, and in order that it may be so, I must tell you what has happened. Ellen Irving, though I left off the Jones during my stay in Newport."

"This startled me slightly, and I was also astonished by her willingness, even eagerness, to be married immediately, yet I was very happy, and I was in the least daunted."

"You are taking me entirely on trust," I observed.

"No, not entirely. I learned incidentally that you are the kindest of landlords, that you do not allow your tenants to be disturbed by noisy neighbors, and that you have kept a poor old man and his wife under a roof for months, without asking them for rent. I think I should have learned in time where you lived, from these people, and should have stolen a sight of you sometime, had we not chanced to meet to-day."

"I had elegant apartments on Ontario Street, and that is all I wish to tell you."

"Shall we go away?" I asked. "Would you like a wedding trip to the seaside or across the ocean?"

"I have lately been very ill," she replied, "and if it will please you as well, I would rather remain quietly here for the present."

She did, indeed, look white and thin, and the pretty walking dress she wore was far from tight.

As the days went by, Ellen never went out without me, and never spoke of sending for her trunk, or visiting home or relatives. This seemed very strange, but I kept my promise, and did not question her. However, though Ellen was a model wife, and charmed and fascinated me fresh every day, her continued absence concerning her past life began to time to prey upon my mind. I tried to reason away my doubts and fears; I told myself that so long as I had a kind, faithful, and passionately loving wife, I need not care what she had been. Besides, how could so good a woman, whose every day acts showed her to be kind and conscientious, ever have been or done anything to be ashamed of?

One day we were driving in Lincoln Park, when we met a fine turnout, presided over by a handsome coachman in irreproachable livery. On seeing him Ellen started violently, and pulled her thick veil over her head. We had passed the carriage she leaned heavily against me, and her head fell forward. She murmured, "I never saw him before," and I asked none, but I brooded in secret over the incident, and a sickening fear that some other man, either lover or husband, held a prominent place in her past history, took possession of me. I tried to hide the state of my mind from Ellen. How miserable I felt to do so, and how willing to tell her all, if only she would let me.

DEAR JAMES—I am going from you never to return. Not because there is in me any lack of willing devotion, but because I am going to you unhappy. I would lay my bare neck on the guillotine for you; I would rather die than lose you. I am going to you, though it breaks my heart to do so, I fancy you have accidentally learned something of my history or else you are torturing yourself with conjectures. Even as I write, my eyes are wet, but I can not look into your reproachful eyes afterward.

My heart has been painfully bred and accustomed to wealth and the refinements with which it surrounded you, will be shocked to learn that my mother was a rag-picker—an honest, but poor, old woman, and that I was still a rag-picker. I cannot remember when my father died. My mother and I lived in a small, miserable room, and she managed to pay rent and buy food enough to keep us alive.

When I was five years of age I began to receive instruction in the rudiments of an Italian neighbor who was a street musician and thought he could make me useful.

Then an incident occurred which had its limit to my education. I was sitting on the steps of the house for three years, he divided the money he made, and I was to be his partner. When I was ten years old my mother and I went to live with my uncle, who was also poor but earning a comfortable livelihood. He sent me to school, and I learned to read the books and music and facilities for study that I needed. I learned fast, but when I was fourteen years of age I was sent to the Reuben died, and mother and I both went to service. Mother had learned to cook while with her uncle and so could earn pretty good wages. Even as I think she was ambitious for me in the matter of marriage, for she seemed despondent after I returned, and never would let me marry until I was twenty.

The rest scarcely needs explanation. I was ashamed of my humble origin, and anxious to hide it from you. When you found me in Canal street I was in a great distress. My mother had died after a long illness and after her death I had been idle a long time. My heart was full of passion, and I felt that I was compelled to another life, and my thoughts to my necessities. Our expenses had not only consumed all our savings, but I had been compelled to sell everything I possessed excepting the clothing I wore when

we met. I was then about to answer an advertisement for a saleswoman, but was so weak that I had rested awhile in the depot before venturing to walk farther. The coachman, the sight of whom excited me, had lived in the Lewis family and knew my history, and I was seized with fear that he might say something that would lead you to suspect the truth.

Forgive a street musician and domestic servant, the daughter of a rag-picker, for having ruined your life by marrying you. May the blessings of heaven rest upon you. Yours in life or death.

Where had she gone? Where could she go? She had left her purse and even the clothes I had bought for her, wearing the same walking costume in which she was married.

"She will throw herself into the lake," was my despairing thought.

I sat in my chair fully two hours in a half-paralyzed condition, trying to use my benumbed brain, trying to think what I had best do. The room grew dark and the curtains were not drawn. I sat there, my heart starting from a window, my vision gradually concentrated upon the figure of a woman on the opposite side of the street. She stood apart from the street lamp, in shadow, but her form was outlined against the yet deeper shadow of a building. At last I became conscious of the fact that I was looking at her, and afterward that she had been standing there perfectly motionless for a long time.

Then she moved an arm, and with the significance of an electric bolt the keenest consciousness came to me. The woman was Ellen. My physical powers and mental faculties returned together, and I lost not a moment. I sprang out of the room, down the stairs and across the street. Ellen did not start, but she placed a finger to her lips, and then she moved an arm, and with the significance of an electric bolt the keenest consciousness came to me. The woman was Ellen. My physical powers and mental faculties returned together, and I lost not a moment. I sprang out of the room, down the stairs and across the street. Ellen did not start, but she placed a finger to her lips, and then she moved an arm, and with the significance of an electric bolt the keenest consciousness came to me. The woman was Ellen. My physical powers and mental faculties returned together, and I lost not a moment. I sprang out of the room, down the stairs and across the street. 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SIMMONS
REGULATOR
It is peculiar efficacy is due to its skill in compounding as to the ingredients themselves. Take it in time. It checks diseases in the outset, or if they be advanced it proves a cure.

No Home should be Without It.

It takes the place of a doctor and costly prescriptions. All who lead sedentary lives will find in the best preventive of and cure for indigestion, constipation, biliousness, piles and mental depression. No loss of time, no interference with business while taking. For children it is most innocent and harmless. No danger from exposure after taking. Cures Colic, Diarrhoea, Bowel Complaints, Biliousness and Febrile Colds. Invalids and delicate persons will find a little taken at night insures refreshing sleep and a natural evacuation in the morning. A little taken in the morning sharpens the appetite, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.
"I have been practicing medicine for twenty years and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the bowels, and at the same time aid (instead of weakening) the digestive and assimilative powers of the system."
—M. HENRY, M.D., Washington, Ark.

Marks of Genuine: Look for the red Trade-Mark on front of wrapper, and the initials and signature of J. H. Zeller & Co., in red, on the side. Take no other.

SULPHUR BITTERS
THE GREAT German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those deathly Bilious Spelled persons who suffer from Biliousness, it will cure you.

Do you suffer with that tired and all gone feeling? If so, use Sulphur Bitters. It will cure you.

Operatives who are closely confined, in the mills and workshops, clerks who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use Sulphur Bitters. They will not then be weak and sickly.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of Sulphur Bitters. It never fails to cure.

Do not be without a bottle. Try it. You will not regret it. It will cure you.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all the time to night, and run down, should use Sulphur Bitters. It will cure you.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 3-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

LADES' PEERLESS DYES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home.

They will dye everything. They are sold every where. Price 10c a package. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Quality. They do not crack or smudge, or discolor. For sale by H. M. Dinick.

Mortgage Sale.

By a mortgage bearing date the twelfth day of November, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, and recorded in the office of the Register of the County of Washington, State of Michigan, on the thirtieth day of October, A.D. 1887, in book 37 of mortgages, on page 203, William F. Holmes mortgaged to Samuel Y. Denton all those pieces or parcels of land lying and being in the City of Ypsilanti, County of Washington, State of Michigan, described as follows: Lots six and seven, in the first and second blocks of the city of Ypsilanti. The said mortgage was afterwards assigned by said Samuel Y. Denton to Thomas Phillips, and by said Thomas Phillips to Annie McGhee. The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of sale is three hundred and eighty-two dollars. Default having occurred in a condition of said mortgage which the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted for or against the mortgagor, or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder, on the 18th day of February, A.D. 1888, at 12 o'clock at noon, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court within said county.

Dated November 23, 1887.

ANNE MCGHEE,
Assignee of said mortgage.

T. NIXIE, Attorney.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Jacob Emerick and Cynthia A. Emerick his wife to Newell B. Perkins, dated August 17, 1887, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washington County, Michigan, Aug. 17th, 1887, in book of Mortgages on page 14, which mortgage was duly assigned by said Newell B. Perkins to D. C. Griffen, guardian for A. J. Roe, the said assignment recorded in said Register's office August 7th, 1888, in book 10 of assignment of mortgages on page 9, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due the sum of one thousand five hundred and eighty dollars. Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder, on the 25th day of January, 1889, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon at the southern front door of the County House, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs to wit: The north half of the east half of the southwest quarter of Section 10, township of Ypsilanti, Washington County, Mich.

Dated Oct. 30th, 1888.

D. C. GRIFFEN, Guardian of A. J. Roe,
D. C. GRIFFEN, Assignee of said mortgage.
Att'y for Assignee.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHINGTON, ss. The undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands on all persons against the estate of Jacob Shawson, late of said County deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium in the City of Ypsilanti, in said County, on Tuesday the 20th day of February and on Monday the 27th day of May next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated November 23, 1888.

JAMES M. CHIDISTER, J. Commissioners.

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The Ypsilantian.
GIDEON'S ARMY.

LESSON X, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 9.

Text of the Lesson, Judges vii, 1-8—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Condensed from Lesson Helper Quarterly, by permission of H. S. Hoffman, Philadelphia, Publisher.)

The summary of the history of Israel under the judges for 450 years, as given in our last lesson, was that they forsook the Lord and served idols, then their enemies oppressed them, then they cried unto the Lord in their distress and He raised up judges who delivered them, the Lord being with the judge; after the judge's death they sinned again, were again oppressed, cried, were again delivered, and thus they lived, sinning and repenting. The book of Judges opens up to us this history and tells us who the oppressors were and who the deliverers were whom God raised up to deliver them. The number of the various oppressors, and the number of the deliverance, with the number of years they rested. Up to the present lesson the oppressors were the kings of Mesopotamia, Moab, and Canaan for periods of eight, eighteen and twenty years; the deliverers were Ammiel, Enoch and Shammur, Deborah and Barak, and the years of rest were forty-eight and forty years respectively. After the rule of Deborah and Barak the next oppressors were the Midianites, for seven years had cruelly oppressed Israel when God called Gideon to be their deliverer. The record tells us of the appearance of the Lord to him in the previous chapter, where we learn that the secret of his success as a saviour and judge of his people was in these words of the Lord to him: "Go in this thy might, have not I sent thee; surely I will be with thee" (vi, 14-16), which is just the secret of the life of every true believer today. Being encouraged by God he overthrew his father's altar to Baal and built an altar unto the Lord and offered sacrifice; the spirit of the Lord came upon him, he blew a trumpet, sent out messengers and gathered an army of 32,000 men. Today's lesson tells us of the sifting of that army down to 300 men, with whom God wrought Israel's deliverance.

1. "Jerubbaal, who is Gideon." Gideon signified a "feller or bruiser," and is a type of the Lord Jesus, the great deliverer and judge who came to destroy the works of the devil and who will bruise Satan under our feet shortly. He was the youngest of a poor family in the tribe of Manasseh (vi, 15), but the spirit of the Lord qualified him for the work to which he was called and made him a successful leader of men. God chooses the feeble and the weak to confound the wise and mighty that no flesh may glory in His presence. (1 Cor. i, 26-31).

Jerubbaal signifies "a contender with Baal," and Gideon was so called by his father after he had overthrown the altar of Baal (vi, 31, 32); if any one will be filled with the spirit and used of God they must first be willing to overthrow all the idols of pride and self and let the Lord alone possess and control them. Baal signifies "lord," and all the other lords must be set aside that Jesus may reign supreme.

2. "The Lord said unto Gideon." Did your heart ever say: "Oh, if I could only hear the Lord speak to me I would be strong and of good courage." Well, be sure of this, that just as truly as the Lord spoke to Gideon, He is speaking to you today in His word; and until you are sure of this the Bible will never be a very precious book to you. "The people are too many," said the Lord to Gideon. A small company, surely, when compared with the great host of Midian, and yet God says they are too many. Numbers are not to God what they are to us, and until we can see the unseen Almighty One rather than the seen multitude who are only flesh we shall not be valiant for God.

3. "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return." This was in accordance with the law, and the reason was, lest they should make others to be fearful and faint hearted. (Deut. xx, 8.) A fearful or discouraged person is not one whom the Lord can use; therefore He so often exhorts His people to "Be strong and courageous." (Deut. xxxi, 6, 7, 23; Josh. i, 6, 9, 18; x, 25; xxiii, 6; Ps. xxvii, 14; xxxi, 24, and many others.) There is one text which, it seems to me, ought to cure all discouraged workers for Christ and it is this: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have sent judgment in the earth."

4. "The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there." If 32,000 was a comparatively small army with which to contend with Midian, what shall we think of only 10,000? What a little man Gideon have thought when the Lord said to him, "The people are yet too many?" The process of weakening down our apparent strength for service is not an uncommon one; but the Lord knows what He is doing, and He must have well tried material; faith says, "Even so, Father," and yields and obeys, and when it seems more and more like courting utter failure, Gideon might have said, "Lord, if you send me with less than 10,000 I cannot go, for it would be sheer madness;" but he evidently had no such thoughts; he was not musing on this business and he had perfect confidence in the Lord.

5-7. "By the three hundred men that lapped with I save you." The 10,000 were brought down to the water to drink; 9,700 knelt down to drink, while the other 300 lifted the water to their mouths with their hands, and that simple test decided who should go. What a little thing, and yet what there is in it; why should not a soldier kneel down and take a good drink, and what virtue was there in lapping it like a dog? It was simply a matter of self indulgence or gratification in a very innocent and harmless thing, but it was at a very critical time. The three hundred seemed to feel the importance of the work before them so much, and their hearts were so set on the conquest of their enemies and the deliverance of their people that they had no time or inclination to think of their own personal ease or comfort or gratification; theirs was a whole hearted service for their God and their country, and this test was God's way of selecting them. In the morning, when the Lord said to Gideon, "What hast thou done?" he was to see why they should go home, but it is not so easy, at first sight, to see why these 9,700 should be set aside, until we remember that they were less than complete and persistent denial of self, in things harmless in themselves but evidencing a desire for self ease or indulgence, is unbecoming in followers of him who placed himself to the last will and testament of said estate, of the pendancy of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Probate Register.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Best of All

Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever. No preparation so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known, as this. It is the family medicine in thousands of households.

"I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I took cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint."—Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terrebonne, La.

"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy.

For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, and children of all ages will take it with pleasure. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding from the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, and as well as ever."—Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Even a rugged person may not feel materially inclined.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Frank Smith's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free. Large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

Flighty people are seldom blest with plonions of their own.

Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are nervous, you are aching, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at Frank Smith's Drug Store.

At a spelling match a man spelled "passion" and got beat.

Bucklin's Arica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith.

Why is a door in the potential mood?—It's would, or should be.

It is Useless

For young ladies who are troubled with freckles, pimples, moth and tan and a bad skin generally to use liquid paints and powders, for they only make the skin look well for the time being. To have a good complexion you must have pure blood. Use Sulphur Bitters and your skin will be fair and complexion rosy.—Young Ladies' Magazine.

Earth cries to the tree, "Give me a leaf" and then the fall comes.

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of Whooping Cough among children, having found it more certain to cure than troublesome disease than any other medicine I know of."—So says Dr. Bartlett, of Concord, Mass.

"Your landress seems to be very old."—"Yes, she belongs to the iron age."

The fountain of perpetual youth was one of the dreams of antiquity. It has been well-nigh realized in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, gives vitality to all the bodily functions, and thus restores to age much of the vigor and freshness of youth.

Kansas people do not blow much about their cyclones. The wind attends to that business.

English Spain Liment removes all hard, soft or colored lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by A. D. Morford, druggist, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Raining cats and dogs is no worse than hailing strangers.

Ich, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. D. Morford, druggist, Ypsilanti.

Why is a sheet of writing paper like a lazy dog?—A sheet of writing paper is an ink-lined plain, and an inclined plane is a slope-lined.

Best of All

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, DEC. 6, 1888.

Literary Notes.

HARPER'S.
Harper's for December opens with a pleasant love story by Walter Besant, called "The Last Mass." It is a tale of the times of the Spanish Armada, with spirited illustrations.

If W. D. Howells would give up writing dreary analytical novels and devote his time to his inimitable "farces," the American public would be grateful. His latest skit is almost equal to his irresistibly funny farce, "The Register." "A Likely Story" is witty and vivacious in dialogue, and the plot is cleverly conceived, suddenly appearing to extricate poor Amy and as suddenly plunging her into more hopeless labyrinth than before, and at last ending with absurd abruptness after the many hints of what would happen to poor Wellington. The skit shows all of Howells' grace and cleverness, unhampered by prosy analysis.

"Sorsus Dismal," a negro dialect story by W. W. Archer, is a skillful portrayal of two types of negro character. Its humor is all-pervading. One scarcely realizes the tragedy at the end, because of the nurse's ludicrous interpretation of Sorsus' ravings. The illustrations by A. B. Frost are careful studies of faces and figures thrown into relief by the sombre coloring.

In contrast to this is Constance Fenimore Woolson's most touching story, "The Front Yard." The heroine of the sketch is a Yankee woman slaving herself to death to support the worthless and ungrateful relatives of the first wife of her dead Italian husband. Miss Woolson is always at her best in pathetic studies.

Theodore Child contributes a scholarly and instructive article on "A Christmas Mystery of the Fifteenth Century," describing the early conditions of the sacred drama. Mr. Merson's careful illustrations add much to the value of the article.

"Fragile" is a charming account of G. A. Boughton's pleasant summer in Brittany. The pictures of "A Mother Rocking her Baby," "The Boy Cousin and the Baby," and "Our Miller's Daughter," are sketches full of grace and feeling.

Alden Weir and Elihu Vedder attempt to illustrate Anna Ludlow's "Soul Drama." Weir's drawing is nauseating. Think of an angel with a frousy curl over the temple, with a flat, coarse face, and with lips as thick as a Papuan's! Imagine "Sorrow" with an idiotic face, Medusa hair, and a wooden figure! Vedder's "Sorrow" is the picture of silliness, his "Faith" is on the verge of petulant tears, and his "scornful Doubt" wears a most benignant expression.

It is a relief to study the varied faces in Howard Pyle's strong drawing which accompanies Steadman's grimly jovial poem, "Morgan the Buccaneer."

Grace King's "Christmas Story of a Little Church," is a curious mixture of bitter sarcasm and tender pathos. Miss King has only contempt for church societies who sell their old church and move to a more fashionable neighborhood, leaving the poor and vicious elements of the city without any Christian influence. She believes that religion should include humanity and should follow Christ's teaching rather than Mammon.

We all have reason to be grateful for Hamilton Gibbon's "Midnight Rambles," for it is the occasion of a delightful article accompanied by fourteen of his exquisite drawings. The cluster of nasturtiums, the locust, melilot, lupine and oxalis awake and asleep, the delicate evening primroses, the floating pond-weed, the exquisite double-page drawing of sphinx-moths reveling among the rich, creamy honeysuckles, the wondrous penitent jeweled-weed, and the tropical beauty of the sleepy poppies, are all too lovely for description.

George W. Sheldon has an enthusiastic article on F. S. Church, "whose distinction as an artist consists in having created in a series the most beautiful women in American art," and "who has portrayed the beauty of the ideal American woman of the present day."

There is a portrait of Mr. Church which would readily pass for a picture of Congressman Guenther. Drawings from Church's paintings accompany the text. "The Sorceress," the "Struggle of Love," and the sweet, weird "Beneath the Sea," are especially fine. It may be of interest to Michigan people to know that Mr. Church's boyhood was spent in Grand Rapids. It seems strange that his tastes should be in the line of comic art, and that his close study of animals was to aid him in that line, when we think of the nobler uses to which he has put the results of his studies.

The frontispiece is his exquisite "Vikings' Daughter," with her whispering sea gulls, "the loveliest type of American beauty. That it is American, no one can doubt. Indeed, the writer sees in the beautiful "Vikings' Daughter," the idealized face of a charming girl not unknown in Ypsilanti. We can agree with Mr. Sheldon that "no other American painter has done so much as F. S. Church toward creating a national art."

The Departments are fully imbued with the Christmas flavor. The Drawer is especially bright, and Du Maurier's full-page drawing is unusually clever.

The official vote of Nevada is declared, showing 1912 plurality and 1867 majority for Harrison, in a total vote of 12,609—only 2,027 more than Washenaw county cast. Fisk's vote is 45.

The 24th Michigan Infantry hold a reunion at the Antislavery House, Detroit, next Thursday evening, Dec. 13—the anniversary of Frederickburg. A banquet, free to all members of the regiment, will be served.

Honest.
In these days of adulteration and fraud in all branches of business and pursuits, it is pleasing to know that there is one medicine prepared which is strictly pure. Such a medicine is Sulphur Bitters in curing scrofula; you can depend on them every time. W. B. Everts, A. M., Charleston, S. C. 6667

Neighborhood.

STONY CREEK.
Mr. S. Davis is on the sick list.
Mr. Alfred Davis of Ypsilanti spent Thanksgiving at home.

The M. E. Mission Society will give a concert at their church Sabbath evening, Dec. 9.

There will be a leap year social at the residence of P. D. Rogers, Friday evening, Dec. 7. All are invited and girls should not forget their pocket-books.

The Thanksgiving dinner at the M. E. parsonage was well attended. More than one hundred took dinner.

Miss Anna Buck gave a birthday party at her home Saturday evening. A large number of her friends were present and several pretty presents were left as a reminder of the pleasant evening.

The new coat of paint on the M. E. parsonage adds very much to the looks of the place.

Watson Barr had the misfortune to dislodge his team, last Tuesday. He was plowing, and one of the horses stepped into the cleft of a broken stone, wedging the foot fast, and fell over, breaking the leg near the gambrel joint. It is doubtful if the animal can be saved.

WILLIS.
Mrs. Wines of Chelsea spent Thanksgiving at the old home with her mother and sisters.

Andrew Fisher visited his sister in Ann Arbor last week.

Fraternity Grange held Thanksgiving at their hall and a pleasant time was had. Reading and recitations helped to make it one of the best of the many hours spent there. The exercises closed by singing the doxology.

Harvey Day is improving the looks of his place by a new fence.

Mrs. James Sherman of Eaton Mills was surprised by her friends Thanksgiving morning. They carried her many good things for which she was truly grateful.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Butts, of Eaton Mills, visited at Mr. Tabor's last week.

SALEM.

A surprise party occurred at Mr. Bailey's, Tuesday night, for Mr. Fred Borton, who returned to his home in England Thursday.

The marriage of Miss Mary Weed to Mr. John Stephens, took place Monday.

School in the Peebles district closed Thursday and Friday for Thanksgiving.

An eight-pound baby girl at John Quackebush's.

The people who attended the Lapham church, Sunday, saw what might have been considered as the result of a wonderful phenomenon. The pulpit had moved to the opposite side of the church, and the seats were turned around. No one appeared startled, however, but all satisfied.

Baby boy at Henry Brinkman's.

The Lapham school commenced Monday with Mr. Starks as teacher.

Hattie Withee is at Flint, visiting relatives.

Mrs. Shears of Plymouth, a sister of Theron Wyckoff, is not expected to live.

A Russian sigh—Siberia.
If love lies dreaming, can he tell the truth when he is awake?
Nothing but leaves—a pamphlet.
Derivative soup—Mock turtle.
Has the range of the kitchen—the cook.

For Sale.
2 brick blocks on Congress street,
3 houses and lots.
3 " " Huron "
2 " " Hamilton "
1 house and lot on East Cross "
1 " " Prospect "
1 " " Adams "
1 " " Forest avenue.
Also houses to rent. Inquire of
E. B. MOREHOUSE.

Given Away.
A Ticket given with every \$1 or more purchase of goods, entitles the holder to one chance in the drawing of a 50-cent Smith organ, at W. R. Davis' Shoe House, Tyler Block, Congress street, Ypsilanti.

The Independent.

The Largest, The Ablest, The Best
Religious and Literary Weekly in the World.

"One of the ablest weeklies in existence."—Fall Mail Gazette, London, England.
"The most influential religious organ in the States."—The Spectator, London, England.
"Clearly stands in the fore-front as a weekly religious magazine."—Sunday School Times, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prominent features of The Independent during the coming year will be:
RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL ARTICLES,
by
Bishop Huntington, Bishop Cox, Bishop Doane, Bishop Hurst, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, Dr. Howard Osgood, Dr. Howard Crosby, Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. George F. Pentecost, and others;

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ARTICLES,
by
Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, Prof. Herbert D. Adams, Prof. Richard T. Ely, Prof. E. G. Thompson, Prof. Arthur T. Hadley and others;

LITERARY ARTICLES,
by
Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Maurice Thompson, Chas. Dudley Warner, James Payn, Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, R. B. Stoddard, Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, Louise Imogen Quincey, H. H. Boyesen, Isabel F. Haggood, and others;

POEMS AND STORIES,
by
E. C. Steadman, Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, Edward Everett Hale, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Julia Schayer, Rose Terry Cooke, Edith M. Thomas, Andrew Lang, Joaquin Miller, Lucy Larcom, John G. O'Reilly and authors.

There are twenty-one distinct departments, edited by twenty-one specialists, which include Biblical research, Sanitary, Fine Arts, Music, Science, Pebbles, Personalities, Ministerial Register, School and College, Literature, Religious Intelligence, Missions, Sunday-school, News of the Week, Finance, Commerce, Insurance, Stories, Puzzles, Selections and Agricultural. Thirty-two pages in all.

The Independent is a family newspaper of the first class, and is recognized as one of the great organs of the land. Every one who wishes to be well informed upon a variety of subjects, should subscribe for it.

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FOR SALE.

A rare opportunity is offered to secure a comfortable home with 10 acres of elegant land just outside the city limits, at very low figures and on easy terms, as the owner wishes to leave town. Apply at the Ypsilanti Office or J. N. Wallace. 6375*

The Wells of Andalusia.

In Andalusia the norias or Moorish wells are sure to catch your eye. They are worth examining by the curious in such matters; the construction is very simple, but they do effective work. A broad wheel is turned round by an old mule, who is past other work, and attached to this wheel are earthen jars; as it revolves the empty jars pass into the water and come up full, then as they turn over they empty their contents into a reservoir, whence a trough or aqueduct of some simple kind provides for household use, conveys the rest of the water into the fruit or vegetable garden and irrigates it by means of channels dug in rows in the earth. For drinking purposes the water is generally caught from the jars, for the Spaniards, though they like their fish "high" and their oil and bacon rancid, are very particular about the quality of their water, and are willing to buy it from the carriers who often fetch it from long distances if that near at hand has an evil reputation.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Chinese Legation at Washington.

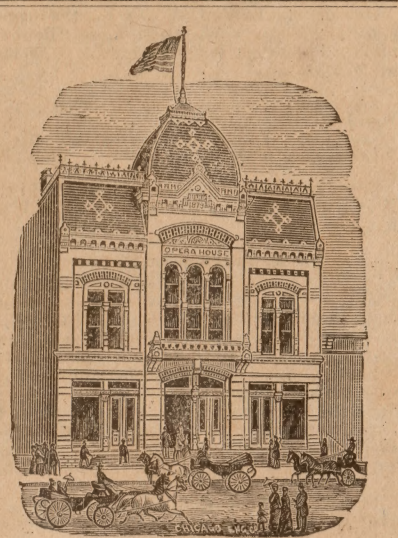
The members of the Chinese legation at Washington try very hard to make themselves popular in society. They often make handsome presents—rare jewelry, perhaps, or costly silk—to casual acquaintances. They are very assiduous in paying calls. They start out together and go from house to house, leaving their cards and photographs. They seem to think that their names will not be recognized, so they leave their pictures to establish their respective individualities. But to most Washingtonians the photographs all look alike.—New York World.

THE STRIPED POLE,

South Side Congress Street, next door to Gaudy's Bakery, tell where

J. D. COOK

meets his patrons. We guarantee a clean shave and hair cut at popular prices. Your patronage solicited. 6675



YPSILANTI OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY:

THURSDAY, DEC. 6th, 1888.

The Jolly German Comedian and Sweet Singer,

Chas. A. Gardner
(OUR KARL)

Under the management of Sidney R. Ellis in his New Romantic Picturesque Comedy,

FATHERLAND
LIFE IN THE TYROL.

New Songs! New Choruses! New Everything! Beautiful Scenery! Double Tyrolean Quartette.

Seats now for Sale at Dodge's Jewelry Store.

IT OFTEN HAPPENS

That there are persons in a community who are doubtful in regard to where their interests will be best served when they wish to buy Fine Shoes. Some are led away by the delusive inducements of those take-'em-away-for-nothing sales, and others look around and satisfy themselves where the best can be had for the least. We not only claim, but do sell the Finest Shoes for the lowest living prices, and kindly invite you to see our new arrivals of Fall Styles at

GOODSPEED'S

The New Dry Goods Firm!

NEW GOODS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

We are refilling our store with new goods, and this week have placed on sale a large and elegant line of Colored and White Fine Embroidered

Handkerchiefs, Lace Fichues

WOOL HOSIERY,

FINE TOWELS and TABLE LINENS

We would also call attention to our line of Linen Damask Sets.

Lamb, Davis & Kishlar

Successors to H. P. GLOVER.

GREAT QUESTIONS!

Suggested by the approaching holidays:

What Shall I Give?

Where Shall I Get It?

What Will It Cost?

The questions can be answered in a very satisfactory manner by an early inspection of our stock and prices. We are offering a nice line of

LAMP-S

DINNER SETS

AND TEA SETS,

FANCY GOODS!

in China and Glass,

DECORATED TOILET SETS

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Come and see what we have to offer you.

Davis & Co.,

19 Cross Street.

BOILERS

STEPHEN PRATT'S STEAM BOILER WORKS (Established 1865.) Manufacturer of High and Low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds; smoke pipes, brachings, etc. Old boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets, boiler plates and boiler tubes for sale. Cor. Foundry and Mich. Central R. R. tracks, DETROIT, MICH. 3687

AT WORTLEY'S

OVERCOATS!

Children's, Boys', Youths', Men's.

STETSON HATS

Received October 3d.

UNDERWEAR!

Keeps Out the Cold!
Saves Doctor Bills!
Insures Comfort!

PRICES WERE NEVER LOWER.

WORTLEY BROS.

Young Lady!

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW

where to find something that will

STRIKE THE YOUNG MAN

just right for a holiday gift?

CALL ON—

Alban & Johnson

and see those

SILK PLUSH CAPS,

Silk and Cashmere Mufflers

VELVET TIES,

and all sorts of

Neckwear, Gloves, Mittens,

Gold-Handled Silk Umbrellas, Etc.

Alban & Johnson.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Elias E. Hobbs and Harriet Hobbs, his wife, to Franklin J. Fletcher, dated June 4th, 1887, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw County, Michigan, on page 194, which mortgage was duly assigned by said Franklin J. Fletcher to Helen McAndrew, said assignment recorded in said Register's office December 4th, 1888, in liber 10 of assignments of mortgages, on page 91, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and attorney's fee as provided for in said mortgage, one hundred and eighty and seventy-five hundredths dollars. Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder, on the 21 day of March, 1889, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at the southerly front door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, in said County, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs, to wit: All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated in the township of York, county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: The west half of the west half of the northwest quarter of section thirty-two; also the north half of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-two; also another parcel of land bounded and described as commencing at the southeast corner of the west half of the southwest quarter of section thirty-two, running from thence west along the south line of said section thirty-one rods, thence north on a line parallel to the east line of the west half of said southwest quarter section about twenty-six rods, or far enough so that a line extended east from that point to the east line of the west half of said southwest quarter section shall include five acres in the southeast corner of the west half of the southwest quarter of said section thirty-two; also another parcel of land commencing on the east line of the west half of the southwest quarter of said section thirty-two at a point about twenty-six rods north from the south line of said section thirty-one rods, running thence north on said east line about ninety-four rods to the southeast corner of the above described twenty-acre tract, thence west along the south line of said tract fourteen rods, or far enough so that to extend a line south to the Eyre-acre piece shall include a strip of eight acres; intending hereby to convey the seventy-three acres of land now occupied by us. Dated Dec. 4th, 1888.

HELEN MCANDREW,
Assignee of said Mortgage,
D. C. GRIFFIN,
Attorney for Assignee.

Wortley Tea House

Fresh Supply Oneida Mince Meat just received.
Ta Ka Kake Griddle Cakes are fine. Try them.
Oneida Stewed Pumpkin.

Harris Bros. & Co.

JOHN P. TERNS,

—DEALER IN—
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES
44 East Congress St.,
Carries a full line of all kinds of Groceries. Try some of our HONEY-BEE COFFEE and Japan Teas. Fruits in season, and prices always the lowest at the

Fifth Ward Grocery.

GRAND OPENING

—OF—
HOLIDAY GOODS
—AT—
SAMSON'S

—ON—
Saturday, Dec. 8.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to inspect our goods and enquire our prices.

Chancery Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, In Chancery, in a case therein pending, wherein Lawrence Van Valkenburg is Complainant, and Gilbert M. Brown, Marcia C. Brown and others, are defendants, in pursuance and by virtue of a decretal order made in said cause on the sixth day of October, 1888, I shall sell to the highest bidder, at public auction, at the east front door of the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor in said county (that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for said County is held) on Monday, the 21st day of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following lands and premises situated in the village of Mooreville township of York, Washtenaw County, Michigan, and described as follows, viz.: Lots one, two, three and four in block one south of Range one west in said village of Mooreville, according to the original survey of said village as recorded in the Register's office of the County of Washtenaw, in liber D on page 219. Also that piece or parcel of land commencing at the southeast corner of block one south of range one west; thence westerly on the south line of lots number one, two, three, four, five, six and seven to the southwest corner of said lot number seven; thence south five chains; thence west two chains; thence south to the center of the Saline river; thence up the center of said river to the west bank; thence southerly and easterly along said bank of the west channel of said river to the west line of Mill street; thence northerly to the place of beginning, containing ten and one-fourth acres of land, more or less.

Dated, Nov. 23d, 1888. FRANK JOSLYN,
Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Washtenaw County, Michigan.
D. C. GRIFFIN,
Solicitor for Complainant.